

The History of

I am as hot as molten Lead, and as heavy too. God keeps Lead out of me, I need no more weight then mine own bowels: I have led my rag of Muffians where they are peperc'd ther's not three of my 150. left alive, and they are for the townes end, to beg during life. But who comes heere? *Enter Prince.*

Prin. What standst thou idle heere? lend me thy Sword, Many a Nobleman lies starke and stiffe, Under the hooves of vaunting enemies, Whose deaths are yet unrevengd, I prethee lend me thy sword.

Fal. O Hal, I prethee give me leave to breathe a while, *Tark Gregory* never did such deeds in armes, as I have done this day. I have payd *Percy*, I have made him sure.

Prin. He is indeed, and living to kill thee; I prethee lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay before God, Hal, if *Percy* be alive, thou getst not my sword, but take my pistoll if thou wilt.

Prin. Give it me: what? is it in the case?

Fal. I Hal, 'tis hot, there's that will sacke a City.

The Prince drames it out, and findes it a bottell of Sacke.

Prin. What is it a time to jest and dally now?

He throwes the Bottle at him. Exit.

Fal. If *Percy* be alive, I le pierce him, if he doe come in my way, so: if he doe not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a Carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as *sir Walter* hath: give me life, which if I can save, so: if not, honour comes unlook't for, and there's an end.

Alarme, excursions, enter the King, the Prince, Lord John of Lancaster, and Ecarle of Westmerland.

King. I prethee *Harry* withdraw thy selfe, thou bleedest too much; Lord *John* of *Lancaster*, goe you with him.

P. John. Not I, my Lord, unlesse I did bleed too.

Prin. I beseech your Majesty make up, Best your retirement doe amaze your friends.

K. I will doe so my L. of *Westmerland*, lead him to his Tent *West.* Come, my Lord, I le lead you to your Tent.

Prince. Lead me, my Lord, I de not need your helpe; And God forbid a shallow scratch should drive

The

Henry the Fourth.

The Prince of *Wales* from such a field as this, Where staynd Nobility lies treden on, And Rebels Armes triumph in massacres.

John. We breathe too long, come cousin *Westmerland*, Our duty this way lies: For Gods sake come.

Prin. By God, thou hast deceiv'd me, *Lancaster*, I did not thinke thee Lord of such a spirit;

Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, *John*, But now I doe respect thee as my soule.

King. I saw him hold Lord *Percy* at the poynt; With lustier maintenance then I did looke for Of such an ungrowne Warriar.

Prin. O, this Boy lends metall to us all. *Exit.*

Dow. Another King, they grow like Hydras heads, I am the *Dowglas* fatal to all those That weare those colours on them. What art thou That counterfeitst the person of a King?

King. The King himselte, who *Dowglas* grieves at heart, So many of his shadowes thou hast met, And not the very King: I have two Boyes Seeke *Percy* and thy selfe, about the Field; But seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily, I will assay thee: and defend thy selfe.

Dow. I feare, thou art another Counterfeit; And yet in faith thou bear'st thee like a King: But mine I am sure thou art, who ere thou be: And thus I winne thee.

They fight, the King being in danger, Enter Prince of Wales.

Prince. Hold up thy head, vile *Scot*, or thou art like Never to hold it up againe, the spirits Of valiant *Sherly*, *Stafford*, *Blunt*, are in my Armes, It is the Prince of *Wales* that threatens thee, Who never promiseth, but he meanes to pay.

They fight, Dowglas flieth.

Cheerely my Lord, how fares your Grace? *Sir Nicholas Gamsay* hath for succour sent, And so hath *Clifton*; I le to *Clifton* strait.

King. Stay, and breath a while,

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Then